5/15/70

Dear Russ,

Recent weeks have been difficult for me, the one now ending in particular. There had been added burdens aside from the one you arranged. None are pleasant, none should be, all interfere with constructive work but are, in my belief, essential. The past week has seen a significant, precedent victory over the corrupt government, especially Mitchell and Kleindienst. As you are aware, I have not kept you informed. I presume no explanation is needed. That there has to date been no media attention to it is only partly a consequence of Skolnick's whoring. I turned down network TV yesterday, hope not to lose it, in order to accomplish what I did today. I hope you will know that part xI am permitting out soon enough. In time you will know the rest. At the moment, I have neither the time, disposition or energy to go into the various really significant achievements - all in court or as a result of court successes.

With the foundation so carefully and painfully laid, at some cost, over a long period of time, I am immediately proceeding with more, as befits men of serious intent rather than whores, the worst of whom are male.

So this will be more comprehensible to you, I have forced the Department of Justice to give me what they have suppressed, what they have denied me for a year, what they even denied existed. Needless to say, having fallen over at the sight of David, Goliath was not about to pick up stones for him, so they did as they could to waste time for me. Today I completed examination of the sensational material, drew up a list of what I want copies of, and will without doubt get all but two. I rather hope they are stupid enough to deny me either or both of these, for either will frustrate the out-of-court settlement they begged. And when I say begged, I mean over Mitchell's name, too. They are now in the position where they are worse off if they deny than if they supply.

The real purpose of this letter, when there should be no need for it and when I am more tired, physically and emotionally than I can recall (do you know the stench of guts - then you know the past week), is to tell you that having heard nothing from you is deeply disturbing to me and, I believe is abusive, anything but a fitting response for trust, anything but friend-like behavior. If you are in distress, then I invoke Oscar Wilde's definition of friendship and its obligations. If you are no distress, mince no words, I find this unconscionable. How can I account for the failure of what you said you had already sent to arrive, of for the absence of what you then said you would send immediately, or you silence at my inquiry?

And suppose I can get in a position where I can confront that despicable charlatan who threatens so much harm, the danger he poses to so much work at such great cost? How can I confront and leave a record of you that will not defame you? You hardly know me if you think I fear confronting him in any way-or the outcome. I've just finished the first bout with tougher and more powerful adversaries and before its end had prepared for the next two. With luck, one will be under way before you can get this. The other, partly drafted a week ago, was interrupted by success. You do not know me at all if you do not understand that I will face anything relevant he might say with whatever fact I have. I lack nothing but what can defend you right now. If I cannot leave a manly record of you, it is only because you have prevented it.

The difference in our ages may not make it easy for you to understand, but my present concern is for you and a difficulty you may not anticipate in later living with all of this. Past is more than prologue. It sometimes is conscience's albatross. I would not have you Silas Marner. Sincerely,